

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

PROSPECTUS OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

Under the auspices of the "Native American Association of the United States," the subscriber proposes to publish a paper with the above title in this city.

The object of this paper will be the repeal of the Naturalization Law, the re-establishment of the declining character of the Native American, and to assert those rights guaranteed to us by the charter of the Revolution, and re-secured by the brilliant victories of the late war.

In stating the objects of this publication, we imply the existence of a party adverse to those interests so established; and the history of latter days, warrants the belief, that such a party is in existence, but it is one which we must meet and combat on the threshold of our country. The political revolution which we witness in England, and which is extending itself gradually, but surely, over the continent of Europe, is one indicative of the restless and daring spirit of the age. A contest between the aristocratic and democratic principles, in which the crumbling but still gigantic power of hereditary right, is vainly opposing itself to the right of the people to be heard in the Legislative Councils, in proportion to their numbers. Out of these two great parties, the Whigs and Conservatives or Tories, has sprung another powerful body, called Radicals, equally obnoxious to both of the two chief contending parties. The Conservatives fear it with a shuddering and overwhelming fear; and the Whigs, who go for liberal, but not destructive reform, dread this third estate in the realm, because it is composed of the violent elements of society, and disposed to go to the lengths of a revolution or a civil war: consequently, it is the object with both Whigs and Tories, to rid the country of this dangerous intermediate party, and no other surer means is offered than to ship them to our shores. Hence the overwhelming arrival of emigrants. It is nonsense to talk of their innate love of the "democratic principle;" they are nothing more nor less than the materials with which factious leaders in England had determined to uproot society; overthrow peace and government; track the land with their bloody footsteps; and pollute every consecrated avenue, leading to the edifice of the British laws. In future numbers of this paper, it will be the duty of its conductor, to substantiate these charges by proofs derived from English writers, and explain the anomaly of a civilized country deluging a land with which it is at peace, by treaty and interest, with the most terrible means of legal and political destruction.

Leaving their own land trembling with the electric elements of a great political storm, branded by the good and patriotic, destitute of principle, anxious for power as the means of wealth, regardless of the ties of civil restraint, reared in the Lazarhouses of overtaxed and discontented parishes, hated and detested from their youth to their maturity, these vast hordes of modern Huns, place their feet upon our soil, ignorant of our customs, regardless of our laws, and careless of those great cementing qualities that bind us together as a united and happy people.

To counteract evil influence, arising from whatever cause, the public press has been found at all times, since the glorious era of its discovery, an efficient agent. Its influence goes forth upon the four winds of heaven, and its high voice is heard in the four quarters of the earth. Its eloquence rings in the congregated councils of nations, and it speaks as a Prophet and a Preacher, to the oppressed of all climes. Its influence is felt in proportion to the cause it advocates. All times have tested its power—all causes have acknowledged its aid—and it is now proposed, that the cause of our country and our countrymen, should be supported and made manifest through this great organ.

The times are ripe for our purpose. The system with England to flood this country, has proved of advantage to her taxed landholders—her impoverished parishes—to her government, her aristocracy, and her king. Her ministry have determined to eradicate an evil, not by the enactment of a salutary law, but by the perpetration of an outrage and an injury. The other nations of Europe and the Eastern World, will, and are following, her example. India and China will doubtless take the epidemic of emigration, and to secure themselves against the chances of a plague, the filthy victims of the wrath of heaven, will be shipped to our hospitable shores.

To help to stay this desecrating tide, will be our high and chiefest aim, and we appeal to the well-judging of all parties, to aid us in the undertaking. In this cause we recognise no minor creed. We look not at the mansion of our President, with an ambition to place any particular individual there; but our eyes will be kept steadfast to the rock of American principles. We will see nothing but the banner of our native land streaming over the extreme confines of our country, and to our ears will come no other prayer than the true American worship, around the altar of American liberty.

The minor objects of the paper will be the advancement of our own indigenous literature: and while we are willing and ready to pay the highest tribute of merited respect to the literature of other lands, we will not do it at the expense of a native, whose works are not read, because he has not the stamp of a Murray on his title page, or the approbation of a Blackwood on the outside cover of his volume. We will not carry the war of our principles against the shrines of genius—they are sacred, most peculiarly so to our heart, and are above the changing phases of the political dramas.

Domestic and current intelligence shall be regularly given, in a short and agreeable manner.

The proceedings of Congress will be condensed, and sketches of speeches and speakers given during the Session, with lively outline of events as they transpire at the Seat of Government. In no instance will party politics be allowed to bias the editorial pen, but men will be treated with impartiality, and opinion with the utmost and most delicate respect.

HENRY J. BRENT.

ABOUGOSH, THE CHIEF OF THE ARABS OF THE MOUNTAINS OF JUDEA.

Translated for the Native American, from De Lamar-tine's Voyage in the East.—By J. C. B.

We set out before the break of day; we followed, for two hours, a narrow valley, sterile and rocky, celebrated for Arab depredations. It is the spot which is the most exposed to their incursions in the vicinity; they reach it through a number of winding valleys, hidden by the backs of inhabited hills, in order to lay in wait behind the rocks and bushes, and burst forth suddenly on the caravans. The celebrated Abougosh, chief of the Arab tribes of these mountains, holds the key of these defiles which lead to Jerusalem; he opens and closes them at will, and receives ransom for travellers. His head quarters are some leagues distant, at the village of Jeremiah. We expected every instant to encounter these cavaliers; but met no one, except a young age, mounted on a mare of great beauty, and attended by seven or eight horsemen. He saluted us politely, and ranged himself, with his suite, to let us pass, without touching our horses or garments. About a mile from Jeremiah, the valley becomes more confined, and the trees cover the road with their branches. There are in this spot, an ancient fountain and the remains of a ruined kiosk. We climbed upwards for an hour, by a narrow and uneven track, dug in the rocks, in the midst of the woods; and we discovered, suddenly, the village and church of Jeremiah at our feet, on the opposite side of the hill. The church, now a mosque, appears to have been constructed on a magnificent scale, at the epoch of the kingdom of Jerusalem, under the Lusignans. The village is composed of forty or fifty houses, tolerably large, suspended on the declivity of the two hills which embrace the valley. Some scattered fig-trees and vineyards, announce a kind of cultivation. We saw flocks about the houses; several Arabs, dressed in magnificent caftans, smoked their pipes on the terrace of the principal house, about an hundred feet from the path by which we descended. Fifteen or twenty horses, saddled and bridled, were tied in the Court. As soon as the Arabs perceived us, they descended from the terrace, mounted their horses, and advanced slowly towards us. We met in a large uncultivated square, which fronts the village, and to which five or six noble fig-trees afford a shade. It was the famous Abougosh and his family. He advanced alone, with his brother, to meet us; his suite remained behind. I halted mine also immediately, and drew near with my interpreter. After the customary salutations, and the endless compliments which precede every conversation with the Arabs, Abougosh asked me if I was the Frank Emir, whom his friend, Lady Stanhope, the Queen of Palmyra, recommended to his protection, and in whose name she had sent him the superb vest of gold cloth which he wore; and showed me with pride and gratitude? I was ignorant of this gift having been made so obligingly by Lady Stanhope in my name; but answered that I was, in fact, the stranger whom that illustrious woman had entrusted to the generosity of her friends at Jeremiah; that I was on my way to visit all Palestine, where the power of Abougosh was recognized; and that I begged him to give the necessary directions, in order that Lady Stanhope might have no cause for complaint. At these words, he dismounted, as also did his brother. He called several of his attendants, and ordered them to bring mats, carpets and cushions, which were spread out beneath the shade of a large fig-tree, in the field where we stood; and he begged us so pressing to dismount ourselves, and to sit on his rustic divan, that it was impossible for us to decline. As the plague prevailed at Jeremiah, Abougosh, who knew that Europeans were in quarantine, took care not to touch our garments, and fixed his divan, and that of his brothers, in face of us, at a certain distance. As to ourselves, we only accepted the mats of straw and rushes, because it is thought they do not communicate the contagion. Coffee and sherbets were then brought. We entered into a long and general conversation; and Abougosh asked me to send away my suite, as he did also his, to communicate some secret information, which I cannot here disclose. After having conversed together some minutes, we called back his brother and my friends. Is my name known in Europe? he asked me. Yes, I answered. Some say that you are a robber, pillaging and massacring the caravans, carrying the Franks into slavery, and a ferocious foe to Christians: others assert that you are a brave and generous Prince, repressing the robberies of the mountain Arabs, protecting the roads and caravans, the friend of all the Franks who are worthy of your esteem. And you—said he to me, smiling—what will you say of me? I will tell what I have seen, I answered; that you are as powerful and hospitable as a Prince of the Franks; that you have been slandered, and that you deserve to have, as friends, all Europeans, who, like myself, have experienced your beneficence, and the protection of your sabre. Abougosh seemed delighted. His brother and himself asked me a great number of questions relative to European customs, about our habits, and our arms, which he admired extremely. We then separated. On leaving us, he ordered one of his nephews and several cavaliers, to put themselves at the head of our caravan, and not to leave us during the whole time that I should remain, either at Jerusalem or the environs. I thanked him, and we parted.

Abougosh reigns actually over about forty thousand Arabs of the mountains of Judea, from Ramla to Jerusalem, from Hebron to the mountains of Jericho. This sway, which has been transmitted in his family for several generations, has no other title than his power itself. In Arabia, the origin or legitimacy of power, is not discussed—it is recognized and submitted to so long as it endures. A family is older, more numerous, richer and braver than the others; the chief of this family has naturally more influence over the tribe; the tribe itself—that is the best governed, the most skillfully or valiantly commanded in war—becomes the dominating one without dispute. Such is the origin of all those supremacies of chiefs and tribes which are observed in Asia. Power is formed and preserved as a natural circumstance; every thing springs from families; and once the fact of this ascendancy admitted and settled by manners and customs, no one disputes it; obedience becomes filial and religious. Great events and misfortunes are necessary to displace a family; and this nobility, voluntary as it were, is preserved for centuries. The feudal system is not well understood before visiting these regions; we see how all those families, those local sovereignties, which extended over chateaux, villages and provinces, commenced in the middle ages. It is the first stage of civilization. In proportion as society is improved, these small sovereignties are absorbed in greater; municipalities arise to protect the rights of the towns against the de-

creasing ascendancy of the feudal houses. The great royalties spring up, which destroy in their turn, the municipal privileges now useless; then come the other social phases, the phenomena of which are without number, and are not yet all known to man.

Extract from a letter to the editor, dated

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3, 1837.

"One evening last week, I was invited by the Rev. Mr. — to go with him to see a young lady, upon whom the wonders of Animal Magnetism were to be displayed. Rather for amusement, than for the purpose of being convinced on a subject which I thought so absurd, I went with the expectation of seeing nothing but a failure. The young lady was a fine, healthy, rosy cheeked girl; had never seen Mr. Potter, the operator, before, and laughed at the whole affair. She was placed in a chair with her head resting upon a pillow, the operator taking his seat immediately before her, grasped her thumb and for a few seconds looked steadily into her eye; he then waved his hands over her, and pressed slightly upon her forehead and shoulder. In about a minute and a half she said that she was affected by a strange feeling, and tried to keep her eyes open, but it was impossible, for the lids fell as if a weight was on them; and the operator continuing his process for about fifteen minutes, she sank into a state of half consciousness—she could hear what was said around her, but could not speak herself; her hands, which before felt natural, became as cold as ice. But the most extraordinary part of it was when he waked her; for, after he had satisfied us of the power of the magnetism, he waved his hands in a different direction, without touching her, and her eyes gradually opened, and she became in a moment as she was before the operation. He also operated upon a young man, who was in the room, with more decided effect; for in the course of about two minutes he commenced snoring most lustily and was fast asleep. I never saw a more cadaverous looking visage in my life; the blood deserted it entirely, and he was as pale as a corpse. He was aroused from this deep sleep by the same process. I then placed myself under the hands of Mr. Potter, but with no sensible effects being produced; he told me, however, that he perceived some symptoms, and that if he continued for some time, he might magnetize me. Then I was incredulous, however.

Mr. Potter appeared to be a very sensible man, and said that he could not explain the philosophy of magnetism. I came away convinced of the existence of some strange and indefinite sympathy between man and man, but greatly perplexed with the marvellous exhibition. Mr. — related to me several cases, which he had seen, still more wonderful. There was not the slightest deception in the cases which I saw."

GALVANIC EXPERIMENTS AT THE LOUISVILLE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.—Some very striking experiments were performed on Friday last, in the Laboratory of the Medical Institute, by Prof. Vandell, before the medical class and a number of citizens, on the body of Michael Shrimp, alias Michael Shieson, who was executed for the murder of Dorothea Merklein. The execution took place at ten o'clock in the morning, and in an hour and ten minutes after the scaffold fell, the body of the criminal, still warm, was removed to the Institute. Dr. Donne made the necessary dissections preparatory to the application of the galvanic battery, which occupied some twenty minutes, and in that time the extremities began to grow cold. The nerves exposed, (as we learn from an experienced surgeon, for we know little of these things ourselves,) were the phrenic, the portio dura, and the supra orbitary—the diaphragm and spinal cord in the neck, were also laid bare, and incisions were made in the upper and lower extremities. By applying the positive pole of the battery—a powerful instrument, excited by dilute nitric acid—to the spinal cord or the phrenic nerve, and the negative pole to the diaphragm, both in contact with tin foil, all the muscles of respiration were thrown into prompt and vigorous action, producing the appearance of a violent effort to breathe. The neck was bent, and the head partly raised from the table—the arms were quickly thrown up, and the chest at the same time heaving and sinking; the subject seemed to cough, and nothing was wanting but the sound, and the lustre of the living eye, to render the illusion complete.

The negative pole of the instrument touching the nerve of the great toe, while the positive pole was in contact with the spinal cord, the fluid thus traversing the whole length of the body, a general tremor of the muscular system ensued—the arms were elevated, and the fingers forcibly clenched—the legs were suddenly drawn up, and again extended—the head shook, and the respiratory muscles were convulsed. On passing the galvanic fluid through the nerves of the face, every strong passion which the human countenance can express, was exhibited in quick succession and fearful intensity. Rage, indignation; scorn, horror, remorse, by turns distorted the features of the face as the contact of the poles of the battery was broken and renewed. The subject as he lay convulsed seemed under the dominion of a terrific dream—a prey to intense anguish or remorse of a terrible dream—his eyes were thrown into a staring, or engaged in some desperate mental contest, and unable to speak. The movements of life were mimicked with a truth which rendered the effect not only striking, but horrible—and the spectator, while he looked upon the contracted and agonized brow—the lip turned up as if in scorn or derision—the up-lifted arm and heaving chest, might almost have fancied the subject to be in a unhappy victim. It was a study for the painter, or the tragic actor, and might have suggested to a poet a passage as thrilling as the ghost scene in Macbeth, in which the murdered Banquo rises and "shakes his gory locks" at the affrighted King.—Louisville Journal.

MYSTERIOUS.—Considerable excitement has been produced in this village by the report that a gentleman named Barber, from Coldrain, Massachusetts, had been murdered near Manlius Centre, in this County. The circumstances of the case, as far as we have been able to ascertain, are these: Some few weeks since, Mr. Barber started from Albany to go to Onondaga, for the purpose, as stated, of being married; not having arrived, fears were entertained that some accident had happened to him; advertisements were inserted in the Albany papers, and circulated throughout the State, offering a reward for any information of him. These were productive of no clue to the probable fate of Mr. B., until Thursday last, when a Captain of one of the Erie canal-boats, seeing one of the advertisements, stated that a person answering the description of Mr. Barber, took passage on his boat from Albany to go to Onondaga, or near there; that while near Manlius Centre he expressed a wish to get off and walk for a distance, being tired of the confinement of the boat. He accordingly jumped off, and, at the same time, another person got off (from appearance a black-leg) with him, with the expressed intention of walking also. In a short time, the latter person again got on board, and when asked where Mr. Barber was, replied, that "being in a hurry to get married, he had gone across lots." Nothing was thought of at the time, and Mr. B.'s trunk was taken to Buffalo, and then returned to Albany, the owner not having called for it. On Friday, our citizens turned out to search the swamp near the place designated, but nothing was discovered of the body. The search had been kept up by the inhabitants of the surrounding country with no present success. Mr. B. was known to have \$150 by him—how much more is not ascertained.—Syracuse Whig.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

[These verses are selected from a Northern paper.—They appear, and in truth are, not only well calculated to lull the throbs of a mother's heart, but to impart a deep sympathy for their "innocent subject" in the breasts of all whose eyes may drop upon them.]

My mother look not on me now
With that sad earnest eye;
Blame me not, mother, blame not thou
My heart's last wish—to die!
I cannot wrestle with the strife
I once had heart to bear;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.

Now, weep not!—on my brow is set
The age of grief—not years;
It's furrows thou may'st wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out with tears;
And could'st thou see my weary heart,
Too weary even to sigh,
Oh, mother, mother, thou would'st start,
And say, "Twere best to die!"

I know 'tis summer on the earth—
I have a pleasant home—
Of waters in their chiming mirth—
I feel the breath of June;
The roses through my lattice look,
The bee goes singing by;
The peasant takes his harvest-hook—
Yet, mother, let me die!

There's nothing in this time of flowers
That has a voice for me—
The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The bright, the glad, the free!
There's nothing but thy own deep love,
And that will live on high!
Then, mother, when my heart's above,
Kind mother, let me die!

The subjoined highly complimentary reference to Mr. J. G. WHITTIER, both as a poet and general author—and we have no scruples but he merits every word—are inserted from the Knickerbocker.

This is an able and well-wrought picture of the means too often resorted to in order to extort from the poor man his last penny, by consigning him to an abode of wretchedness and degradation—notwithstanding, however, be the effect ever so destroying to all the means he may possess of liquidating the claim, and procuring sustenance for his family.

There has been much written and said on this subject—and there is room for far more, (especially when handled by such a pen as Whittier's,)—but, we must say, much more would it conduce to the cause of humanity and of good government, were it universally taken up by the Legislatures of our respective States, and, in their wisdom and love for promoting the happiness of their fellow men, wholly abolish this odious system; and then the merits or demerits of this law, as now in force, may perhaps be more perceptible.

J. G. WHITTIER.—No young writer in America has produced more true poetry than the gentleman with whose name we have commenced this paragraph. He has enriched our literature with numerous fine compositions in prose also, as well as verse; and his renown is sufficiently loud to be heard by the humblest classes, which is more than can be said of some self-advertising bards of the day, who force themselves into temporary fashion, but not into fame. The reason, we apprehend, why Mr. Whittier is not more frequently brought forward as a prominent American poet, is, that his modesty is equal to his merit—and the world meets nobody half way. It irks us more than we can express, to see crude, disjointed rhymes—flick'd piece-meal, perchance, from by-gone or popular modern poets—forced into transient notoriety by friendly presses, while such a rare and admirable poetry as the following is suffered to occupy a quiet place in the back-ground.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him—through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight;
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray neglected beard;
And o'er his sunken fingers flow
His long dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill:
And o'er his half-cold person goes
The frequentague thrill!
Silent—save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and a groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
O sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
A wretch who shares his prison bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Glean on him fierce and red;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh and fibre thrill and creep,
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crinson with audacity, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
His murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so: his crime's a fouler one—
GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of Hell!
For this—the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gained LIBERTY is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in truth, to see
Yon monument "upraised to thee—
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till thy lisping ones,
Give back their cradle shout:
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And every thing with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grate the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus!
Unworthy freedom, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victim of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God!
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty hand.

* Bunker Hill Monument.

GRIEVANCES OF THE CANADIANS.

The following are extracts from the Address of the Sons of Liberty of Montreal, Lower Canada, setting forth the grievances which have led to the revolution now in progress in that Province.

"After seventy-seven years of British rule, we behold our country miserable compared with the prosperous republics who wisely threw off the yoke of Monarchy. We feel that our population is equal in capacity to theirs. We see emigrants from beyond the seas, of the same class, wretched if they remain here; happy if they join the great Democratic family, and we have daily evidence that our ill fortunes are attributable to the desolating action of a Colonial government. A pretended protection has withered our energies. It has preserved all that was bad in our ancient institutions, or unfitted to the present state of society; thwarted the free operation of all that was good; and trammelled by restraints every measure of reform or melioration.

Whilst every township throughout the immense territory of our neighboring republic is happily governed by its own free Democracy, which is thereby trained, from its youth upwards, to political knowledge, self-reliance and energetic action, we are cramped and controlled by a Government in which the people have no voice, whose influence tends to the corruption of public virtue, the depression of enterprise, and the annihilation of every generous impulse or exalted aspiration for the advancement of the country's greatness.

Hosts of officers, appointed without the consent of the People, to whom they are too frequently obnoxious and never responsible, and holding commissions during the pleasure of an irresponsible Executive, are placed in authority over us, with salaries enormously disproportioned both to our means and their services, whereby offices are made a means of family or personal aggrandizement instead of being suited to the resources and wants of the people.

The trial by Jury, which we have been taught to look upon as the palladium of our liberties, is made a vain illusion, or instrument of despotism, inasmuch as Sheriffs, creatures of the Executive, upon which they depend daily for a countenance in an office to which vast emoluments are attached, can select and summon such Jurors as they please, and thereby become the arbiters in state prosecutions instituted against the people by their oppressors. * * * *

Our public lands, defended during two wars by the bravery of the inhabitants of the country, and rendered valuable by the toil that has opened roads and extended settlements back into the wilderness, have been sold or bestowed, in contempt of our remonstrances, to a company of speculators living beyond the sea, or partitioned out among official parasites, who have from motives of interest, combined as a faction, to support a corrupt government, inimical to the rights and opposed to the wishes of the people, whilst our fathers, our relations and our brother colonists are refused, or are unable to procure wild land on which to settle.

Laws, affecting the tenure of lands, inapplicable to the condition of the country; and injurious in their operations, have been forced upon us by a foreign Parliament, which in order to favor private and sinister interests, has usurped a power of internal legislation that appertains alone to the Legislature of this Province. Regulations for the trade of the country, adopted by a foreign Parliament, are enforced without our consent. We are thus confined to certain markets, and are deprived of the power of extending our commerce to all parts of the world when the markets of Britain are unfavorable to our produce, whereby our commercial enterprise is crippled and paralyzed."

A letter from Canada, dated 29th Nov., says, speaking of the Canadians:

"I would not believe that they would rise up in rebellion against her Majesty's Government." It is indeed extraordinary that a nation should dare to throw off the yoke of a woman—a young girl of eighteen. Truly preposterous and out of place in these days of darkness. The Canadians have not only dared to make the attempt, but have succeeded. And we are glad, if for no other reason, than that natives should not be governed by a foreign power. That, of itself, without any other grievance, is enough to justify revolution.

LOG ROLLING.

AN AMERICAN SENATOR.—The Mount Vernon (Ohio) Watchman of the 18th ult., furnishes this anecdote:—"The distinguished ex-Senator, the Hon. Thomas Ewing, is not to be hindered by slight impediments. A few evenings since, on his way to attend court sitting in Mansfield, he arrived at the south side of Owl Creek, near this place, but was unable to cross in consequence of the swollen state of the stream. The next morning, with characteristic perseverance and ingenuity, he constructed a raft of logs, with which he committed himself to the stream, and was borne across, with bag and baggage, in all safety."

The venerable Elkanah Watson, the father of agriculture in the North, and the founder of those invaluable county associations, which have so much advanced this useful science in this country, assisted in the festivities of the recent annual fair for Berkshire, Massachusetts, at Pittsfield, and made an eloquent address. It was there we recollect to have seen him, also, twenty years ago; and his vigorous mind, it is said, in the Albany Daily, is yet unimpaired, at the extreme age of fourscore. He is one of those patriotic men of revolutionary days, whose paternal anxiety for the prosperity of his country watches incessantly over her interests, as a father over his children, without reference to party or sectional feelings, until time disarms them of their usefulness, and gathers them to an honored tomb.—N. Y. Star.

A correspondent states that horses may be brought out of a stable on fire, by throwing over their backs the saddle or harness to which they may have been accustomed—by doing this they will come out as tractable as usual. This item of information is quite important. The great difficulty of getting horses out of a stable on fire was evinced at the late burning of the Bell Tavern stable.—Richmond Compiler.

A man in Connecticut, two or three weeks ago, wishing the frame of his house raised, gave public notice, "that none but 'good and true Van Buren men' were to consider themselves invited. The Van Burenites consequently assembled for a frolic and had one. They did not raise his house, but they raised the devil.—Louisville Jour